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O, King of Saints—O, triun'd God!

Bow the high Heavens and lend thine ear;
O, make this house thy fix'd abode,

And let the Heavenly Pove rest here.

Within these walls may Jesus' charms.

Allure ten thousand souls to love;

And all supported by his arm,

Shine bright in realms of bliss above.

There saints of every tribe and tongue,

Shall join the armies of the Lamb;

Hymn ballahijah to the Son,

The Spirit, and the great I AM.

There songs serapbic shall they raise,
And Gabriel's lyre the notes resound;
Heaven's full ton'd organ join the praise,
And world to world repeat the sound.

To Father and the Holy Ghost,

Be caseless praise and glory given;

By all the high angelic host,

By all on Earth, and all in Heaven!



Words set to the Dedicatory Poem:

(Sang at Berkshore, Y, My 4th, 1817.)

WITH joyful hearts and tuneful song, Let us approach the mighty Lord: Proclaim his honors with the rue, And sound his wond'rous truth abroad.

His glorious name on golden lyres.
Strike all the tuneful choirs at And boundless nature's realms conspired to celebrate his matchless love.

The heaven of heavens is his bright throne And A. The mait his bight behest.

Yet for the merits of his son, *
He visits man in humble dust.

In temples sacred to his name,

His Saints assemble found his board;

Raise their Hosannas to the Lamb,

And taste the supper of the Lord.

O God, our King, this joyful day
We dedicate this house to thee;
Here would be meet to sing and pray,
And learn how sweet thy dwellings be.

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